

RED SEAL



68

PAGES

COMICS

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THE STAGECOACH FOR EL PASO WAS LATE AS USUAL AND THE DRIVER WAS MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME BY WHIPPING THE HORSES INTO A GALLOP.



AHEM! "...IT'S A NICE DAY, ISN'T IT?"

SI, SEÑOR!!



GOING FAR?!

TO EL PASO, SEÑOR!!



THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADIN' FOR TOO! --- IT'S QUITE A WILD TOWN!

SI, SEÑOR! EET EE'S VEREE WILD! MUCHO BANDIDOS EEN EL PASO!!



YES! THE TOWN'S FULL OF BANDITS! I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE CARRYING THAT ARSONAL AROUND WITH YOU!!

THEES PISTOLAS?! --ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL WEETH EL TIGRE ON THE LOOSE, SEÑOR!!

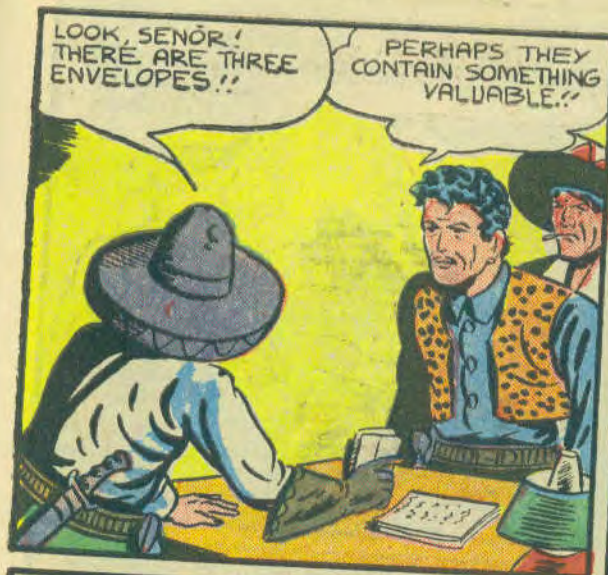


EL TIGRE?! SO HE HANGS OUT IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY NOW, EH?! TOO BAD I'M NOT HEELED!!









I DON'T KNOW!!--I THINK GREGG IS PLANNING TO KILL HIS UNCLE. HE WILL MAIL THESE LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER ON THE DATES SHOWN ON THEM SO THAT HE WILL HAVE PROOF THAT HIS UNCLE DIED OF ILLNESS!!

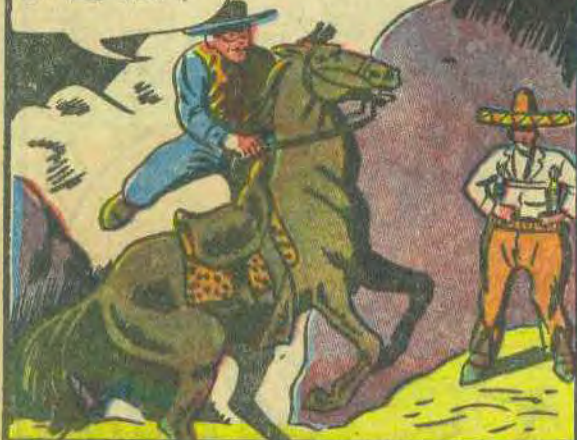


BUT HOW WOULD HE KEEL HEEM WEETHOUT CAUSEENG SUSPEECION OF MURDER?!

HE WILL PROBABLY USE POISON THAT WILL HAVE THE SYMPTOMS OF A HEART ATTACK!!



I THINK I'LL PAY SENOR BRANT A LITTLE VISIT!!



THE LITTLE TOWN WAS DEEP IN SLUMBER WHEN A LONE MASKED RIDER ROPE DOWN THE DESERTED STREETS

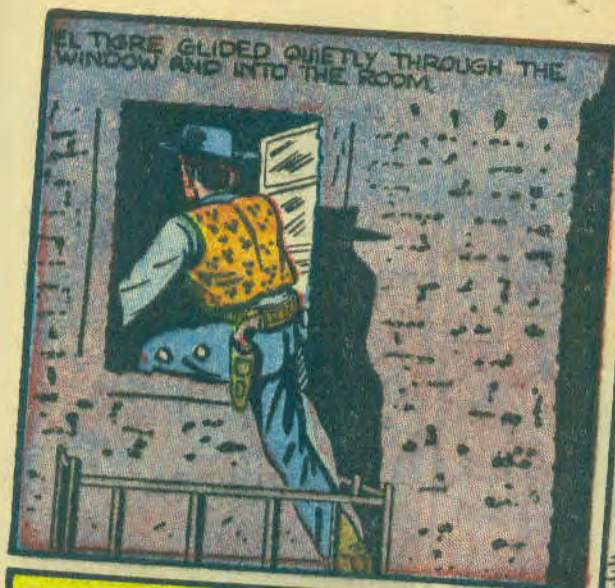


HE BROUGHT HIS HORSE TO A STOP IN A DARK ALLEY.



THEN, WITH THE SWIFTNESS AND AGILITY OF A CAT, HE CLIMBED ONTO A SMALL BALCONY.







HUH?... THE GUN'S EMPTY!!

CLICK
CLICK



SI SENOR, I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF REMOVING THE BULLETS FROM YOUR GUN BEFORE YOU AWOKE. I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR YOU. WILL YOU LISTEN!!

ALRIGHT, MEXICAN!!



LATER

YOU MEAN MURDER ME?... BUT WHAT FOR?... MAYBE IT'S THE MINE I LEFT GREGG IN MY WILL?... NO!! THE MINE IS WORTHLESS ANYWAY!!

PERHAPS AND PERHAPS NOT!!



PERHAPS SENOR GREGG HAS FOUND A NEW GOLD VEIN IN THE MINE AND WANTS YOU OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE YOU DISCOVER IT AND CHANGE YOUR WILL. I SUGGEST WE VISIT THE MINE, SENOR.

THAT SUITS ME FINE. LET'S GO!!



INSIDE THE NEXT ROOM

SO BRANT AND EL TIGRE ARE GOIN' TO PAY THE MINE A LITTLE VISIT. GREGG WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS. HE MIGHT EVEN HAVE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING FOR THEM.



AN HOUR LATER

THERE SHE IS!! THAT'S THE MINE.

I WILL MAKE SOME TORCHES, SENOR!!



WELL, IT LOOKS JUST LIKE I LEFT IT. NOBODY'S BEEN IN HERE SINCE I SHUT IT UP.

YOU ARE WRONG SENOR!! LOOK!! FRESH FOOTPRINTS.



AT THIS MOMENT A HAIL OF BULLETS SPLATTERED AGAINST THE ROCKS ABOVE EL TIGRE AND BRANT.

GET DOWN, SENOR!! GREGG'S MEN ARE HERE.



